



Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

who has been raised from the dead. She says: "I became perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now a well woman. I weigh 125 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seemed a hopeless one, and physicians looked at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

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HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

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Calumet Avenue and 5th Street, Chicago. 31 rooms, near Fair Grounds; baths on every floor. American and European plans. \$10 to \$15 a day. First-class family hotel. Write for circular.

Stoves Without Fines.

There has recently appeared a fresh illustration of "what knowledge is of most worth" in the dangers that come from the pitiful ignorance of the simplest facts of science still prevailing among presumably well informed persons. Certain "patent fuels" have been put on sale, to be used in stoves without chimney connection and are advertised as being entirely harmless. The natural result has followed. Gullible merchants, ministers and even doctors have been buying them and nearly smothering themselves or their friends with the gases which must result from the combustion of any form of carbon. The makers of these fuels state that ventilation is required with their apparatus, but their customers reason, why let in the cold air if the fuel is harmless? or they imagine that one opening from a room into a hallway secures "ventilation."

Probably most of the victims of the patent fuels have read about the process of combustion, but they have not learned its nature from experiments that would make this knowledge real to them. Their education has been of the antiquated kind, not yet abandoned kind, which substitutes the study of books for the study of things.—Popular Science Monthly.

Afraid of the Bigness of the Fair.

The Chicago exhibition must be like some scenery which, being too vast for the human eye to follow, of itself destroys the impression of beauty and leaves nothing but a vague astonishment as much mixed with pain as pleasure. It is no more possible to see it as a whole than to see any other district covered with houses, and it is difficult even to visit it, for no one, not even an Englishman, can walk the distances. The topography has to be learned, like that of some great city, and the artificial means of conveyance are all crowded beyond their power. Houses without end, statues without number, distinctive flags in thousands, beautiful and curious objects in myriads, spectators in droves, a roar as of London at midday, a hurry as of men catching the morning trains—can all that tend to make the attention which all are summoned to pay of the slightest value for their future hours? If the visitors enjoy it, well and good. The enjoyment is not vicious, though it is low. But for the result, the man who has himself rowed out a mile into Lake Michigan and there thinks of all he has escaped and its meaning will obtain far more.—London Spectator.



ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A movement of the bowels each day, is necessary to health. These pills are the only ones that make it regular. Cure Constipation, Brighten the Eyes, Cleanse the Blood, and give the system a healthy action. It is not a secret, but a fact. It is not a secret, but a fact. It is not a secret, but a fact.

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A true Specific—a positive and permanent elimination of all poisons from the blood, and a restoration of healthy vigor in the system is offered to sufferers for the first time in a remedy which has been undergoing the most severe private experiments for the past three years. It has not failed, and it will not fail, as it is a True Specific for the Syphilis poison and all blood diseases. Do you believe it? Send for full particulars and proof—free. Stop filling your system with mercury and other poisons. The remedy will cure you in 10 to 30 days without fail. We guarantee a cure or refund the money. Address:

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OPERATING ON THE BRAIN.

Creating a Boy for an Injury Received Over Ten Years Before.

A boy aged 15 had received a blow on the right side of his head from a pair of tongs eight days before his admission to the hospital. Three days after the accident a convulsion suddenly set in, involving the right side of the body, beginning in the arm and spreading to the leg and face, and followed rapidly in four days by eight other convulsions and paralysis of the entire right side of the body. Most of my readers would unhesitatingly attribute the convulsions and the paralysis to this blow from the tongs. But it must be remembered that the right side of the brain supplies the left side of the body, and vice versa. Hence Mr. James Harrison suspected that the paralysis of the right side of the body indicated trouble in the left half of the brain. Examining his head, he found on the left side a small scar at the junction of the arm and leg centers. Inquiry elicited the fact that 10 years before he had received a severe blow there, which, however, had not been followed by any serious symptoms. Could this old injury, after so long a time as 10 years, possibly be the cause of his present serious trouble?

Further inquiry brought out the fact that for about a year before his admission the boy had repeated twitching of his right arm. So convinced was Mr. Harrison that modern cerebral localization was right that he opened the boy's skull, not where most people would suppose would be natural—namely, on the right side of the head, where he had received the blow from the pair of tongs eight days before—but on the left side, at the site of the blow 10 years before, and at a definite point—namely, over the fissure of Rolando, at the place corresponding to the motor center for the arm as established by experiments on animals.

Although the first injury was received so long before, yet the paralysis showed that it was the left side of the brain that was involved, and the twitching of the arm showed that this was the particular part of the left side of the brain where the injury probably existed. Mr. Harrison punctured what seemed on the surface to be a normal brain and opened an abscess, and this boy, otherwise absolutely doomed to death, made an untroubled recovery.

This is only one instance out of probably more than 150 cases of abscess in the brain which have been reported with in the last seven or eight years which have been diagnosed with the same accuracy and by the same means.—W. W. Keen, M. D., LL. D., in Harper's.

The Power of the Mind.
"The power of the mind to delude itself is simply marvelous," said Darius Manes. "How people conceive themselves that certain actions of theirs or state of thought move the infinite to definite action is simply marvelous. Not over a year ago a friend of mine was seized with a dangerous illness which threatened his life and worse. He immediately was seized with remorse for past offenses in the face of coming dissolution and sought by prayers and offerings to satisfy the wrath of the great unknown. He became so overwrought with worry that he was moved to tears and on more than one occasion did various things which afterward in good health he admitted were ludicrous and idiotic. No change for the better came for a long time until a change of physicians was effected. Then he began to regain health, and the sick was eventually cured.—That was not the best nor worst of it all."

"During his return journey to health he attributed all his boyish feelings and recovery to the deceptions of himself and others offered to the Maker, and stated that the Lord must have guided the second physician to him or him to the second physician—it didn't matter much which, just so the Lord did it. I talked with his physician afterward, and we began discussing the cure and finally drifted in the fellow's religious revolution as related to his cure. The physician figured out that he would have been cured a month sooner if he had rested his mind and quit asking the Lord for anything at all—or begging for divine intercession. I believe my friend agrees with that opinion now, but you see just how far a well balanced mind can really delude itself.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Cut of the Summer Skirt.

Skirts are getting wider and wider and being worn and still more worn. So expertly are these wide skirts cut that the ordinary onlooker has no conception of their real width, unless a lady should daintily lift the hem of her gown and raise it to arm's length outward to her shoulder at each side, as the skirt dancers do those acrobatic plaited arrangements in which they delight, and yet leave enough fullness to fall prettily to her feet.

Women of the past decade were ignorant of the art of cutting. Making was the great thing in their day, and then to display the making, and the frills and furbelows they distended their garments, but now ideas have changed, and though women may go in for full underskirts when summer weather calls for light ethereal fabrics they will never, never wear a crinoline again. It is bad enough that they have their old friend, the foundation, back again. Lining throughout was so much nicer. Fashions must change, however, and no one could be so absurd as to suppose that women could adopt the style and stick to it forever, as some would like to do for convenience and economy.

There is not one scrap of clumsiness or bulkiness about the skirts. They fit quite closely around the hips and are really pretty and graceful.—London Cor. Chicago Herald.

The Iron Enters One Man's Soul.
"With all my heart and soul," exclaimed Rivers, sitting down on the edge of the bed the next morning after the housecleaning and pulling something out of his bed with a strong pair of pliers, "I abhor and detest the income tax!"—Chicago Tribune.



BRIEF ESSAY ON CYCLONES.

A Former Tennessean Relates Some of His Experiences in Oklahoma Territory.

Charles B. Freeman, who was until recently a police justice in Chattanooga, is now a resident of Guthrie, O. T. A few days ago the Chattanooga Times received the following letter from Mr. Freeman:

As we have been having a cyclone every day for two weeks, with Sunday matings—Professor Hicks says they are going to keep a coming for a month yet—I just thought that for fear one would wander off down to Chattanooga, I had better warn you against them and tell you right now, don't you go to fooling with them cyclones. You can jump on the silver issue, or the Chinese exclusion bill, or the police commission, or if you run short you can give Cap Elliott a jab or two, but don't you fool with cyclones. When you see something coming that looks like a sand glass with h—l in its neck and whiskers on its breast, that's a cyclone, and if you ain't got no cyclone collar you get down in a manhole and pull the trap down and wait till the clouds roll by. Don't you go to trusting in Providence either. When Providence goes to work and sets up a first class cyclone in good running order, he is too tired to go ahead and keep the cattle off the track.

You never saw the water lifted out of a river clean down to the bed for half a mile, did you? No! You never saw a church steeple jammed clear through a stone building, did you? No! Well, don't you go disputing it just 'cause you didn't see it. If you'll come here to Guthrie, I'll show you a tree out there in the park with a spade run through it. And still that cyclone wasn't satisfied. It had to go walking around over the country and kill two people and lay out 14 others just as good as dead. If they had told me that a cyclone had separated the Red sea and let the Israelites pass over, I could have believed it, because, I tell you, these fool cyclones will do anything. This thing of scattering dead people all around over a prairie two or three miles from where they live and have a fellow looking around over two or three townships for a departed friend, and then maybe he can't find no two pieces of him together, I tell you is absolutely disgusting.

When a negro preacher was going around here last year making speeches and telling everybody that if Cleveland were elected some great calamity would happen to us, I thought that "nigger" was talking through his hat. I know better now. That "nigger" was blown clear over into Lincoln county, and the coroners of this county and Lincoln are lawing over his remains. Don't you fool with them cyclones. Old man Hugo thought he was telling something awful startling when he told that yarn about that crawfish in the "Toilers of the Sea." I'll tell you that crawfish ain't in it with one of these here cyclones. Just think of a fellow who never does nothing to nobody going around here with both arms broke! I can't see no sense in it. I don't think there ain't none. I am a friend of yours. Don't you have nothing to do with them cyclones. If you do, don't blame me.

Tina's Impulsive Adventure.

A west end young miss has never been known to take a dare. Close to her home is a veneering factory, and the other day there was a sign hung out for a "Boy Wanted." It happened that the young lady had several of her friends visiting her that day, and from the front window they could read the sign. "Tina, you dare not go and apply for that place," said one of the young ladies present.

"Who says I daren't?" responded Tina. Without further ado she rigged herself out in a suit belonging to her brother. Fixing her hair in a manner that it could not be told, she sallied forth. Her movements could be watched from the house, and the scene that followed was a most laughable one. Tina walked boldly into the factory. The clerk approached her, and she said that she wanted to apply for that job. The clerk looked at the pretty miss' face and smiled. "How much will you give me?" asked Tina. "I won't work for less than \$4 a week." The firm would not pay this much, and Tina walked out, highly insulted to think that her services were not worth more than \$4 a week.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Stung to Death by Bees.

George Hogan, living at Lynch's Station, Va., while waiting for his wife to get ready to go to church, noticed that one of his bees was swarming, and went into the yard for the purpose of catching the swarm and hiving it. The bees were full of light, and as soon as Hogan walked near a large number attacked him, and he was stung in many places about the head, eyes and nose. He was carried into the house and a physician summoned, but before the doctor came he expired in great agony. Hogan was 33 years of age.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Cheap Historic Homes.

Historic homes are cheap in London. The house of the banker and poet, Samuel Rogers, was withdrawn from an auction sale recently because of the smallness of the bids. This house, still in a fashionable quarter, was in the prime the resort of Fox, Wellington, Byron, Moore, Sydney Smith, Wordsworth, Macaulay and a host of other great people. Rogers occupied it for nearly half a century.

A Popular Song.

"Sweet By and By" was written in 1861, and the original manuscript may be seen at the World's fair. It is a great hymn and does not go out of fashion even in heresy times.—New York Advertiser.



SIX SPASMS A DAY.

GENTLEMEN: I never lost an opportunity to recommend Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine to any one afflicted with nervous complaints, with the assurance that it will not disappoint them. When our boy was three months old he was seized with violent spasms, sometimes he would have five or six in a single day. We tried many remedies without success. Finally our friend recommended Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. We used no other remedy, and his cure is complete. He is now three years old and perfectly healthy. You are at liberty to use my name in endorsing this wonderful REMEDY. S. C. HEACOCK, Hastings, Nebraska, April 6th, 1892.

DR. MILES' NERVINE.

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The Silver Statue of Adia Eichen.

It has been frequently noticed by men who visited Montana's exhibit at the World's fair that the silver statue of Justice was unveiled that whenever there was a party of women without escorts around the statue they invariably got to laughing at a great rate, as if they had made some great discovery which was just too good to let the horrid men into the secret of.

Yesterday, however, in an unguarded moment one of those unconscious critics let the cat out of the bag. There were four or five of them standing around the statue gazing at her classic pose, when one of them, who had been looking intently at the ankles of Justice for several minutes, suddenly burst out with, "Oh, girls, she's bowlegged—just look!" There was a gathering of heads in one place and a craning of necks and much raising and lowering of eyes, as if trying to mentally follow the direction taken by Justice's ankle where it was lost under the folds of her toga. Then there was a unanimous nodding of heads and a great deal of giggling as if the discovery constituted one of the rarest jokes ever heard of.

A careful survey of the lines of Justice's right ankle confirms the criticisms passed upon her by the women. There can be no question that, taking the original departure of the ankle from the foot upon which it rests, and extending it in a straight line, the upper end would leave the main trunk of the statue somewhere about three feet above the pedestal and if further projected would strike the roof of the Mines building, about 150 feet north of the point immediately over her head. The only possible way for her ankle to reach the main trunk of her body after starting out the direction it has is to describe a sort of horseshoe bend somewhere about the knee joint.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Wedding Presents That Count.

Aside from the money that will be settled upon the Duke of York and his bride by parliament they will have enough in the way of wedding presents to support them during their natural lives should the Radicals upset the throne and leave them to their own resources.

In such a case the Duke of York could go to New York and open a jewelry store that would astonish the natives, with judicious advertising and proper use of his title so as to bring about quick sales. Even at a small profit on such sales a sufficient sum would be realized to enable the ex-royal pair to live in style in New York and to cut a pretty large swath generally. The value of these presents in money cannot be yet known, but rumors of what will come from India and other English possessions are already rife, and they are more reliable than rumors usually are. They indicate that the Duke of York will need to build some very large vaults to hold even the gifts that will be bestowed upon him in what may be termed an official manner by the governments that he will one day be at the head of if all things go well with him.

Then will come the gifts from other European nations with which England is on good terms, and it is already known that those will be of the highest value. Last, but not least, will be the gifts from the people of England, not to speak of Scotland, and in a lesser degree Ireland. Every organization of patriots in England will send something to prove its loyalty.—Philadelphia Press.

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